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THE SECRET OF FAME.—"After Lockhart's return from a German tour which he made in 1818, he told Scott," says the *Evening Post*, "that he had had the greatest difficulty in finding Goethe's residence at Weimar. The first person he asked started as if he had never heard the name before. Goethe, the great poet," added the inquirer by way of explanation; but the man only shook his head, and looked more puzzled than before. The husband of the inn at which Lockhart was staying happened to overhear his questions, and solved the difficulty by suggesting that perhaps the English gentleman meant 'Herr Privy Counsellor von Goethe.' In the eyes of the great people of Weimar Goethe the official personage quite dwarfed and obscured Goethe the poet. Scott laughed heartily when he heard the story, and said to his future son-in-law, 'I hope I shall come and see me one of these days at Abbotsford, and when you reach Melrose be sure you seek out the hollyhock for nobody but the Sheriff!'"

GREAT AUTHORS WHO WROTE NOVELS.

None of our English thinkers of the first, second, or even third rank, as Victor Harrison in *Fortnightly Review*, have resorted to romance as a vehicle of thought. The only possible exceptions that occur to me are Scott, De Johnson, and Miss Martineau, but "Gulliver," "Rasselas," and "Robinson Crusoe" are romances only by courtesy for their authors. Abroad there have been examples of men of the highest intellectual force who have written novels. Of these, one only—Goethe—has written a true novel in a sense worthy of himself. And it is to Wilhelm Meister, that we may most aptly go for analogies to the George Eliot cycle of novels. Of course, as far as a secular force of European rank, Goethe himself stands apart. But in his "Wilhelm Meister" we have these meditations upon life, human nature, and society, that supreme culture, and a certain Shakespearean way of looking down upon the world as if from a vantage-ground afar, which again and again recur in George Eliot and give her the unique impression of tragic mystery among modern novelists. "Then again, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot wrote prose fictions which may by a stretch of language be called novels. But the wit of 'Candide' the pathos of the 'Religieuse,' the passion of 'Heloise,' do not make up a tale fit to be placed beside 'Silas Marner,' as a complete gem of art in the true field of romance. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Carlyle, may take rank above George Eliot in the sum of the intel-

lectual impulse they gave to their time, but none of them, unless it be the author of the 'Miserables,' can be said to be her equal in the painting of real life and actual manners.

"BLUE STOCKINGS."—It will probably surprise those not already aware of the fact to learn that the first person to whom the opprobrious epithet "Blue Stocking" was applied was a man. He earned the title, not by a studious life, nor by the stores of knowledge he possessed, but simply by his partiality for those of the celestial hue. The story, as usually told, is thus: In the year 1774 this gentleman was a constant attendant at the receptions given by Mrs. Montague, and invariably wore blue stockings, which the quaint dress of the time displayed to advantage, and which won for him in time the sobriquet of "Blue Stockings." By degrees the other frequenters of Mrs. Montague's receptions began to be associated with him in the title, and the "Blue Stocking Club," as it was called, became widely known as the haunt of all wit and learning of the day. Had Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet known that by his fatal fondness for blue stockings he was founding a term of reproach for inoffensive students in ages to come, and that accomplished women—the very race whose society he appreciated—would be the objects of a nickname, he would undoubtedly have stifled his craving after that ill-fated color, and worn hose of pink, green, or yellow.

THACKERAY'S PORTRAIT.—"Appropos of the drawings of the late Frederick Walker, which are now, or were lately, on exhibition at the sign of the Rembrandt's Head in Vigo Street, a correspondent of a London journal tells," says the *Mail and Express*, "a pleasant little story of Thackeray; two back views of whom figure, or figured, in this exhibition. Fred Walker was preeminently a shy man. He had no exalted opinion of his own ability, and was very modest and unassuming. He had got from a friend a letter of introduction to Thackeray, and was almost afraid to present it. One day he ventured in upon the editor, and had the dreaded interview. Thackeray was at that time publishing a novel, 'Lovel, the Widower,' in the *Cornhill*. Some of his own illustrations lay before him. Walker had been seeking employment as an illustrator. 'What do you think of these?' said Thackeray, handing the drawings over. Walker thought them very poor, and in his shyness, and from his inability to pay a compliment, said so. Thackeray knew human nature too well to mistake a motive. He saw at once how matters stood. 'Come,' he said, 'you have criticised my work, and now you shall draw my portrait,' and then he stood with his back to the artist, looking out of the window. The correspondent adds to this kindly story that a modification of this sketch was afterwards used as the initial letter in one of the 'Roundabout Papers.'

"Mr. John Morley," says the *Review of Literature*, "the editor of the biographical series of 'English Men of Letters,' the former editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*—the author of the best, we might almost say the only, biography of Diderot, is one of the largest-minded, most enlightened men of contemporary England. He is a Frenchman, a rare thing in England, even among those who consider themselves most French. Among English writers none have felt with such force, and none have expressed with such delicacy, the charms of France." As philosopher he is a man of the eighteenth century, of which he possesses both the generosity and the enthusiasm for the ideal combined with the tolerance of the nineteenth century; and with the grave morality, the profound sense of the permanence of our actions, and the responsibility of each generation to its successors which fill the works of George Eliot, and which enable us ever to see the child of the Puritans behind the English encyclopedist. As a writer he possesses 'communicative eloquence, the more attractive because sustained'; he obtains the effects of the most powerful style by mere force of 'sober elevation of thought.'

The first edition of 150,000 copies of the first volume of General Grant's memoirs is now in the hands of the printers, J. J. Little & Co., Astor Place. The binding of this large edition is given by contract to three of the largest binders in the city; 50,000 copies, or one-third of the edition, is given to Thomas Russell, of Rose street. It is not unlikely that another edition of equal number will be ordered, as soon as the one now being made is finished. Mr. Russell says that the publishers have already received orders for about two hundred thousand sets, or four hundred thousand volumes, and that the present contracts are the largest binding contracts ever given in this country for the first edition of any work. The binding alone of this edition will give employment to 300 men and women, for over two months.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

(TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.)

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

In the spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth, to see for the last time an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for a traveling companion a well-dressed, gentlemanly man of about 40 years of age. We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities such as the barter of newspapers, and into conversation.

My fellow-traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the details of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, and, judging by his talk, must have moved in good society. Although he fancied his features bore traces of hard living and dissipation, he was not unattractive in appearance. The greatest fault in his face was the remarkable thinness of his lips, and his eyes being a shade colder than one care to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but for my part I should not choose one who possessed them for a friend without due trial and searching proof.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important will case which was now being tried. The reversion to a vast sum of money depended upon the testimony of sanity or insanity. The most other people, we daily discussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends and insanity begins," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, the boundary line is in some instances hard to define. To give in such a dubious case an opinion which would satisfy myself I should want to have seen the patient at the time he was considered quite sane."

"To mark the difference?"

"Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a friend of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but for all I know he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then, without mentioning names, dates or places, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with rapid interest.

"You predict he will go mad?" he said.

"Certainly not. Unless anything unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why did you fear for him, then?"

"For this reason: I think that any sudden emotion—violent grief, for instance—any unexpected and crushing blow, might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments.

"Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

"I laughed. 'Doctors never give names when they quote cases.'"

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After waiting a few moments in vain for the pleasure of his return, I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass the winter together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, was fairly comfortable. He would not do better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason, I should not doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, and my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong, shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

So, shortly after first meeting Carriston, I proceeded to ascertain how the last year had treated Carriston. I was both delighted and astonished at the great changes for the better which had taken place in his manner, no less than his appearance. He looked far more robust; he seemed happier, brighter—altogether more like ordinary humanity. Not only had he grieved me with his morose and gloomy glances during the drive through the wonderful scenery—he was in the gayest spirits and full of fun and anecdote. I congratulated him heartily upon the marked improvement in his health, both mentally and physically.

"Yes, I am much better," he said. "I followed a part of your advice—gave up smoking. I find constant change of scenes, interest, no less than many more things. I am quite a different man."

"No supernatural visitations?" I asked, anxious to learn what in that direction was complete.

His face fell. He hesitated a second before answering.

"No—not now," he said. "I fought against the strange feeling, and believe have got rid of it—at least I hope so."

I said no more on the subject. Carriston plunged into a series of vivid and mimetic descriptions of the varieties of Scotch character which he had met with during his stay. He depicted his experiences so amusingly that I laughed heartily for many a mile.

"But why the change in your name?" I asked, when he paused for a moment in his merry talk.

He blushed, and looked rather ashamed. "I scarcely like to tell you; you will think my reason so absurd."

"Never mind. I don't judge you by the ordinary standard."

"Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared if I gave my true name at the hotel as I did on my way here, he might by chance see it, and look me up in these wild regions."

"Well, and what if he did?"

"I can't tell you. I hate to know I feel like this. But I have always, perhaps without cause, been afraid of him—and this place is horribly lonely."

Now that I understood the meaning of his words I thought the boy must be joking; but the grave look on his face showed he was never farther from merriment.

"Why, Carriston," I cried, "you are positively ridiculous about your cousin. You can't think the man wants to murder you. I don't know what I think of a man saying things to you which I ought not to say; but every time I meet him I feel he hates me, and wishes me out of the world."

"Between wishing and doing there is a great difference," he said, as all this was fanned on your party."

"Perhaps so. Anyway Cecil Carr is as good a name up here as Charles Carriston, so please humor my whim and say no more about it."

It is hard no difference to me by what name he chose to call himself. I dropped the subject. I knew of old that some of his strange prejudices were proof against anything I could do to remove them.

At last we reached our temporary abode. It was a substantial, low-built house, owned and inhabited by a thrifty middle-aged widow, who, although well-to-do, so far as the simple ideas of her neighbors went, was nevertheless always unwilling to be so resourced by accommodating such stray tourists as wished to bury themselves for a day or two in solitude, or artists who, like ourselves, preferred to enjoy the beauties of Nature undisturbed by the usual ebbing and flowing stream of sightseers.

If homely, was good enough for two single men; the fare was plentiful, and our rooms were the picture of cleanliness. After a very pleasant and comfortable stay, I could for a few weeks make myself very happy in these quarters.

I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before I found out one reason for the groaning for better in Charles Carriston's demeanor; knew why his step was lighter, his eye brighter, his voice gayer, and his whole bearing altered. Whether the reason was a subject for congratulation or not I could not say.

The boy was in love; in love as only a passionate, romantic, imaginative nature can be; and even then only once in a lifetime. He was in love with a lovely woman, who had won his heart, and he had given his heart and soul into the keeping of a woman.

CHAPTER IV.

That man of Carriston's rank, breeding and refinement could meet his fate within a lovely lady's house beyond the Trossachs, seems incredible. One would scarce expect to find among such humble surroundings a wife suitable to a man of his rank and position. I was not, however, disappointed; for when I saw the woman who had won his heart, I neither wondered at the conquest, nor did I blame him for weakness.

I made the great discovery on the morning after my arrival. Eager to taste the fresh air of the morning air, I rose before dawn and went for a short stroll. I returned, and while standing at the door of the house, was positively startled by the beauty of a girl who stood before me and entered the house. She was a regular inhabitant of the place. Not a rosy Scotch lassie, such as one would expect to find indigenous to the soil; but a slim, graceful girl, with delicate classical features. A girl with a mass of knotted light hair, yet with the apparent anomaly, dark eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows—a combination which, to my mind, makes a style of beauty rare, irrefragable and dangerous to all others. The features which filled the exquisite oval of her face were refined and faultless. Her complexion was pale, but its pallor was not the result of disease, but of perfect health. To me, my enthusiastic description, I may at once say it has never been my good fortune to see her eyes so bright and so full of life.

Although her dress was of the plainest and simplest description, no one could have mistaken her for a servant; and much as I admire the lovely, healthy Scotch country lass, I felt sure that mountain air had never reared a being of this ethereal beauty.

As she passed me I raised my hat instinctively. She gracefully bent her golden head, and bade me a quiet but unembarrassed good-morning. My eyes followed her until she vanished at the end of the dark passage which led to the house.

Even during the brief glimpse I enjoyed of this fair unknown a strange idea occurred to me. There was a remarkable likeness between her delicate features and those, I remember, of Carriston. This resemblance may have added to the interest the girl's appearance awoke in my mind. Any way, I entered our sitting-room, and a prey to curiosity and perhaps hunger, awaited with much impatience the appearance of Carriston—and breakfast.

"I trained my hat instinctively."

The former arrived first. Generally speaking, he was a foot longer before I was, but this morning he had reversed the usual order of things. As soon as I saw him I felt that Carriston, tell me, what is the name of the lovely girl I met outside. An angel with dark eyes and golden hair. I said, saying here, like ourselves."

A look of pleasure flashed into his eyes. "A look which pretty well told me you were here. Nevertheless, he answered as calmly as if such lovely young women were as common to the mountain side as rocks and brambles."

"I met her in the Western Highlands, a niece of our worthy landlady. She lives with her."

"She cannot be Scotch, with such a face and figure?"

"Half and half. Her father was called an Englishman, but, I believe, of French extraction. They say the name was originally Roman."

Carriston seemed to have made close inquiries as to Miss Rowan's parentage.

"But what brings her here?" I asked.

"She has nowhere else to go. Rowan was an artist. He died of a fever, and she and her mother have been away from her native land. Some years ago she died, leaving this one daughter. Last year the father died, and she was left alone in the world. She is now living with her only relative, her aunt."

"Well," I said, "as you seem to know all about her, you can introduce me by-and-by."

"With the greatest pleasure, if Miss Rowan permits," said Carriston. I was glad to hear him give the conditional promise with as much respect to the lady's wishes as if she had been the property of my friend.

Then, with the liberty a close friend may take, I drew toward me a portfolio, full, I presumed, of sketches of surrounding scenery. To my surprise, Carriston jumped up hastily and snatched it from me. "They are too bad to look at," he said. As I struggled to regain possession, sundry strings broke, and to and behold! the floor was littered, not with delicate sketches of rocks and trees, but with images of the fair young girl I had seen a few minutes before. Full face, profile, three-quarter face, five, even seven-eighths face, all there—each and every one perfectly executed by Carriston's clever pencil. I threw myself into a chair and laughed aloud, while the young man, blushing and discomfited, quickly hid the portfolio between the covers, just as a genuine Scotch lassie does in the plentiful and, to me, very warm breakfast.

Carriston drew favor me with his company during the whole of that day, but, in spite of my having come to Scotland to enjoy his society, that day, from easily guessed reasons, was the only one in which I had undisturbed possession of my friend.

Of course, I battered him a great deal on the portfolio episode. He took it in good part, attempting little or no defense. He said, however, he had told me with all a boy's fervor how he had loved Madeline Rowan at first sight, how in the short space of time which had elapsed since that meeting he had loved her and won her; how good and beautiful she was; how he worshipped

her; how happy he felt; how when I went south he should accompany me, and after making a few necessary arrangements, return at once and bear me back to my friends. I could only listen to him and congratulate him. It was not my place to act the elder, and advise him either for or against the marriage. Carriston had only himself to please, and if he made a rash step only himself to blame for the consequences. And why should I have dissuaded—who in two days envied the boy's good fortune!

It was a great joy to Madeline Rowan. How strange and out-of-place her name and face seemed amid our surroundings. If at first some that shy retiring, she soon, if only for Carriston's sake, consented to look upon me as a friend, and talked to me freely and unreservedly. I then found that her nature was as sweet as her face. Such a conquest dated the man of the world, and I felt quite certain that Carriston had chosen well, and would be happy in wedding the girl of his choice, heiress of her humble position in the world, and also of hereditary wealth. When once my wife, I felt sure that if he cared for her to win social success her looks and bearing would insure it.

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